

OCTAGON CASTLE

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C. H. DANIELLE, PROPRIETOR OF OCTAGON CASTLE.



D. J. SQUIRES

OCTAGON CASTLE.

Is more elaborately adorned than ever.

Hundreds of yards of satin, thousands of yards of tinsel, and hundreds of thousands of spangles have been worked up during the past winter in interior adornments.

It has seven more bedrooms added.

All rooms are large, well lighted and ventilated, with unsurpassed views from the windows of lands, forests, lakes and sea.

contains a Ball Room,

A Banquet Hall,

A commodious Reading Room,

Private Dining Rooms,

Committee Rooms,

Wash Rooms,

A Smoking Room,

A Bar Room,

Cloak Rooms,

and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coat and Dressing Rooms

Photocopied from an original in the possession

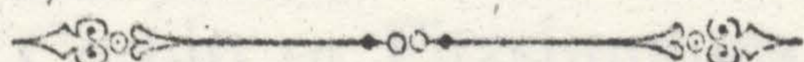
of Mr Douglas Squires

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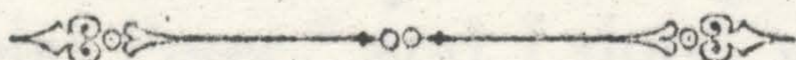
OCTAGON CASTLE.

VISITOR.—Professor, who is that fellow over there? He seemed to take it as a personal insult, when I denounced Vivisection.

PROFESSOR.—No wonder, that's Will Bartlett the Barber.

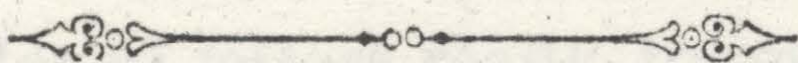


When I first came to St. John's thirty-five years ago, as I was walking along one of the upper streets, a little girl running backwards ahead of me, suddenly darted for a door; threw it open and yelled, "Ma! Ma! come quick and see the pretty man." (Meaning me if you please). I was tickled almost to death, until next day when I learned the poor child was crazy.



THE OCTAGON KITCHEN

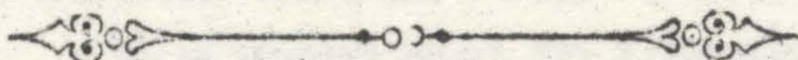
Has a capacity for cooking for over five hundred guests.



THE OCTAGON

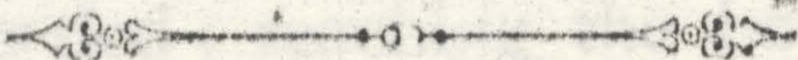
Has Foot-Ball and Cricket grounds, an open air Ball-room for day dancing.

A large Lake alive with trout, borders the grounds, with a dock and pleasure boats, all free to guests.



PARSON.—Professor, did you ever see in your travels, through the country trouting, a dam by a mill-sight?

PROFESSOR.—No! but I have seen more mills by a dam sight than you ever laid eyes on.



Father to his boy who he catches sucking eggs.

Look here Tommy! don't you know that chickens come out of eggs?

TOMMY.—Do they Pap? Why, I thought eggs comed out of chickens.

OCTAGON CASTLE

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The Octagon has trained table-waiters, insuring a quick and perfect service.

The Octagon has harvested and housed one hundred tons of pure lake ice, and with four cold storage plants at convenient points in Dining Rooms and Kitchen, everything is kept cool and fresh, or frozen if need be.

I erected Swinging Boats at considerable outlay for the amusement of guests, but have been forced to condemn and break them up, because there are so many fools anxious to show off. The boats were made to carry two or four, but one could not keep from ten to fifteen from crowding into them with a loaded gun, thereby, endangering the lives of all. On two occasions men swung so high and so reckless, that they twisted half inch iron rods in twain, and fell nearly killing themselves, and the trouble brewers followed them around for weeks, trying to get them to prosecute the Professor for damages. And still people will send money to Africa to educate the heathen.

The latest additions to the adornments of Octagon Castle, are large Satin Banners, elaborately embroidered and bespangled in gold and silver, each one commemorative of the different Societies, Lodges, Churches, etc., etc., that have held their outings at this popular resort. Each banner bears the symbolic letters of the gathering it commemorates, so all may be read.

Hello, Professor! how did you get that black eye?

Quoting Scripture.

Nonsense!

No nonsense about it, we were having a little argument, and to show them that I was no heathen, I just quoted four words from the Bible, and when I came to, I had this black eye.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

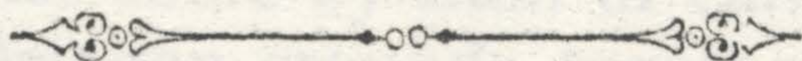
My ! what did you quote ?

I just said " All men are liars."

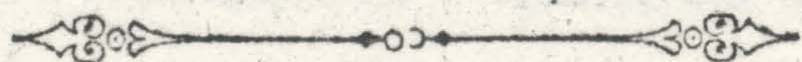
Good gracious ! Who was it struck you ?

Dunno, think it must have been Corbitt or Fitzsimmons.

And still they keep sending missionaries to humanize the heathens, when they can be killed just as well at home for quoting scripture.

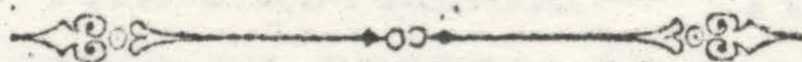


I want to warn the Press of St. John's, when they feel gushy over anything I have done, not to refer to me as "The Genial Professor," any more. They are continually referring to the Pleasantville Wonder as "The Genial Peter," and I don't want to be like "Peter." Call me anything type can spell, but don't call me the "The Genial," that's all.



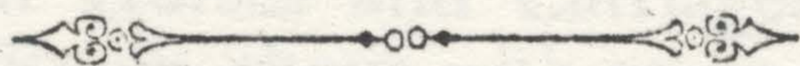
EARLY CALLER.—Why, what a lot of letters ready to mail, do you often have such a letter writing streak as this Professor ?

No, I don't ! but that fool Jim Cox sent me ninety cents change yesterday in postage stamps.

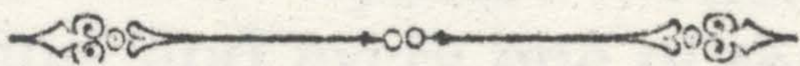


Some years ago I was in the vicinity of Witless Bay, with some sports trouting ; we came out of the woods about four o'clock, and there was a cold east wind with rain. We were wet to the skin, and hungry ; we were directed to a house on the south side of the harbour where we might get shelter. On the way we met a funeral and Dick Shortall recognizing the man to whose house we had been directed, held up the funeral and bargained for our shelter, the funeral advanced and we proceeded ; reaching the house we knocked, bawled and kicked for an hour, and all was as silent as the dead man we had passed, it was near dark when the man returned from the funeral, and found us nearly perished with the cold. He knocked, kicked and bawled for Mary ! Mary ! and getting no answer, he climbed through a window, shot the bolt and admitted us. Then he went from room to room, bawling

Mary ! Mary !! Where are you ? Just then Dick espied a pair of No. fourteen boots, under a bed ; Dick grabbed them and pulled, Mary, the servant girl was in them, or as much of her as could get in. She squealed like a pig in a barbed wire fence. The master came on a run ; the girl was nearly dead with fright, after quiet had been restored, and in answer to her master's demands, as to why she did not let the gentlemen in, the intelligent Mary replied between her sobs, "I taut day was quakers." We found out later that Mary had recently been regaled with a story of how some Quaker-Missionaries had been eaten by cannibals, and we being all togged out in broad rimmed hats, moulskin suits with knee breeches ; we filled the bill of quakers, to Mary's eyes, but in her fright she had got things mixed, and thought the quakers had come to eat the heathens.—Only a short time before this event a ship load of missionaries and money was sent to civilize the Mary's of Zoo-zoo-lands.

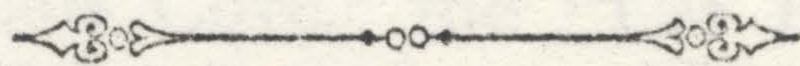


The Octagon with its rare facilities for providing all kinds of amusements and comforts for its guests, is superior to all other resorts, for Societies, Clubs, Lodges, Sunday Schools, Church and Orphanage Picnics, Private Parties, Balls, Dinners, etc., and its terms are most favourable.



THE PROFESSOR to Old maid.—Well, Well ! how glad I am to see you.

THE OLD MAID.—Oh Profity ! how cold your nose is.

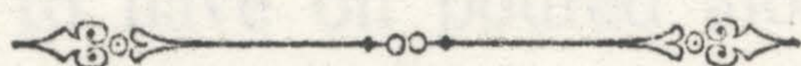


VISITOR.—Professor, do any of your servants talk until they get the last word ?

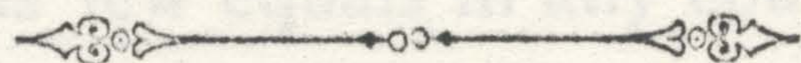
Yes ! and some of them talk after that too.

JACK.—What's this silk and lace affair on your table Professor? A pen wiper or a pin cushion?

PROFESSOR.—I don't know, I bought it at a church "Sale of Work."

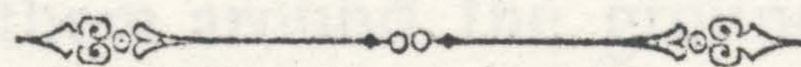


Private Picnics and Family parties for outings or berry picking that come by train or carriages will always have the free use of the Octagon grounds, together with any accommodations or courtesies the Professor can offer, and in cases of wet weather, they can always have the free shelter of the Octagon.



GUEST.—Professor, what's dead sea fruit we read about?

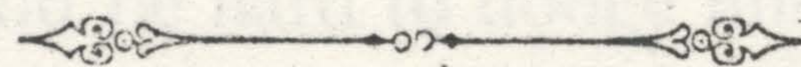
PROFESSOR.—Canned Lobsters.



THE PARLOR MAID.—"Miss Trickett told me to tell callers she is engaged."

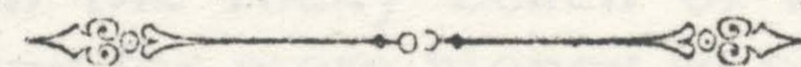
THE PROFESSOR.—"Tell her that I am very sorry to hear it, as I came on purpose to propose to her."

PARLOR MAID.—"Oh my, won't she be mad."



DR. MCKENZIE.—You should repose on your right side only, it is positively injurious to lie on both sides.

HON. EDWARD.—How can I help it, Doctor? You seem to have overlooked the fact that I am a lawyer.



Seventy-five gallons of Strawberries will be raised in the Octagon garden this summer, for the tables, from choice new varieties of American plants, and as many more furnished by Topsail growers.

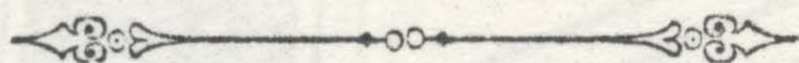
OCTAGON CASTLE.

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You want to know who was the most important guest at the Hope—Bowring Wedding Banquet last summer, do you? Well, Jim Vey took the cake.

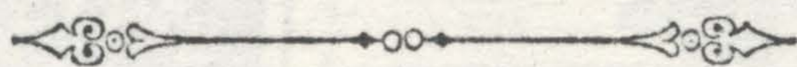
Jim Vey! My, you don't mean——

Yes! Jim Vey took the cake, for I stood by when he photographed it.



Are you superstitious, Professor?

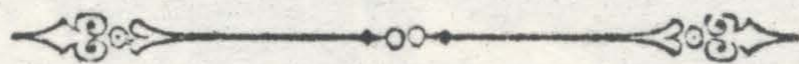
Not at all, I'd rather have \$13 in my pocket any time than \$12.



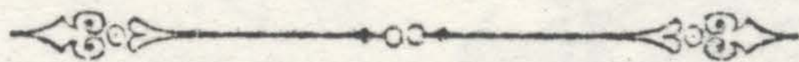
Eight Cows furnish Cream for the Octagon tables.

CITIZEN.—Professor, that Petty officer that tangled himself up with you last summer is on the *Alert*, is he not?

PROFESSOR.—Yes sir, and I shall be on the alert myself this summer.

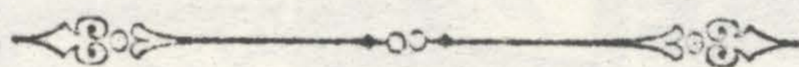


A new Barn will be built this season at the Octagon, to house fifteen Horses and Carriages; Octagon in shape, having a grand Ball Room above with room for 150 dancers, for day dancing and for additional shelter in case of wet weather.



TOURIST.—Mr. Danielle aint this resort of yours a pretty breezy place?

Yes! and why not? There are over four thousand fans in the building, and every one of them is full of wind.



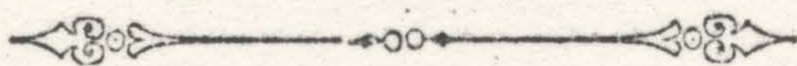
CATS.

The Cat crop has been a failure since my last Spring's booklet, at "Cats Cove," the "Cat Hills," and at "Catalina," owing to the past wet summer. There has been a dearth of Cats, and my catapult has been hung up.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

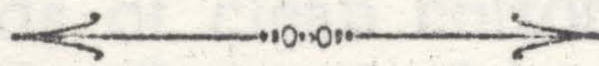
I hear that some of the pious residents up the shore have asked Mr. Woodford to have oil poured along the shore every Sunday morning!

Why! don't they want the sea to cheer on the Lord's day? Not exactly that, but they don't want any Sabbath breakers.

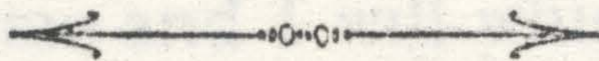


THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

At the Octagon has few equals in any country, a suite, fit for crowned heads.

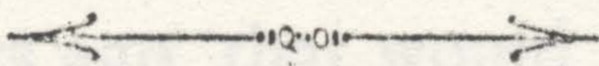


I want to implore patrons again not to bring flasks and bottles with them, and break them around the grounds. I have buried broken bottles until I can't get a whole angle worm to catch a trout, they are all cut up in bits.

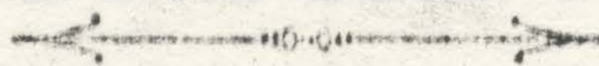


Why should the Water Rates collector be provided with a Bicycle?

Because then it would be hard to dodge him.



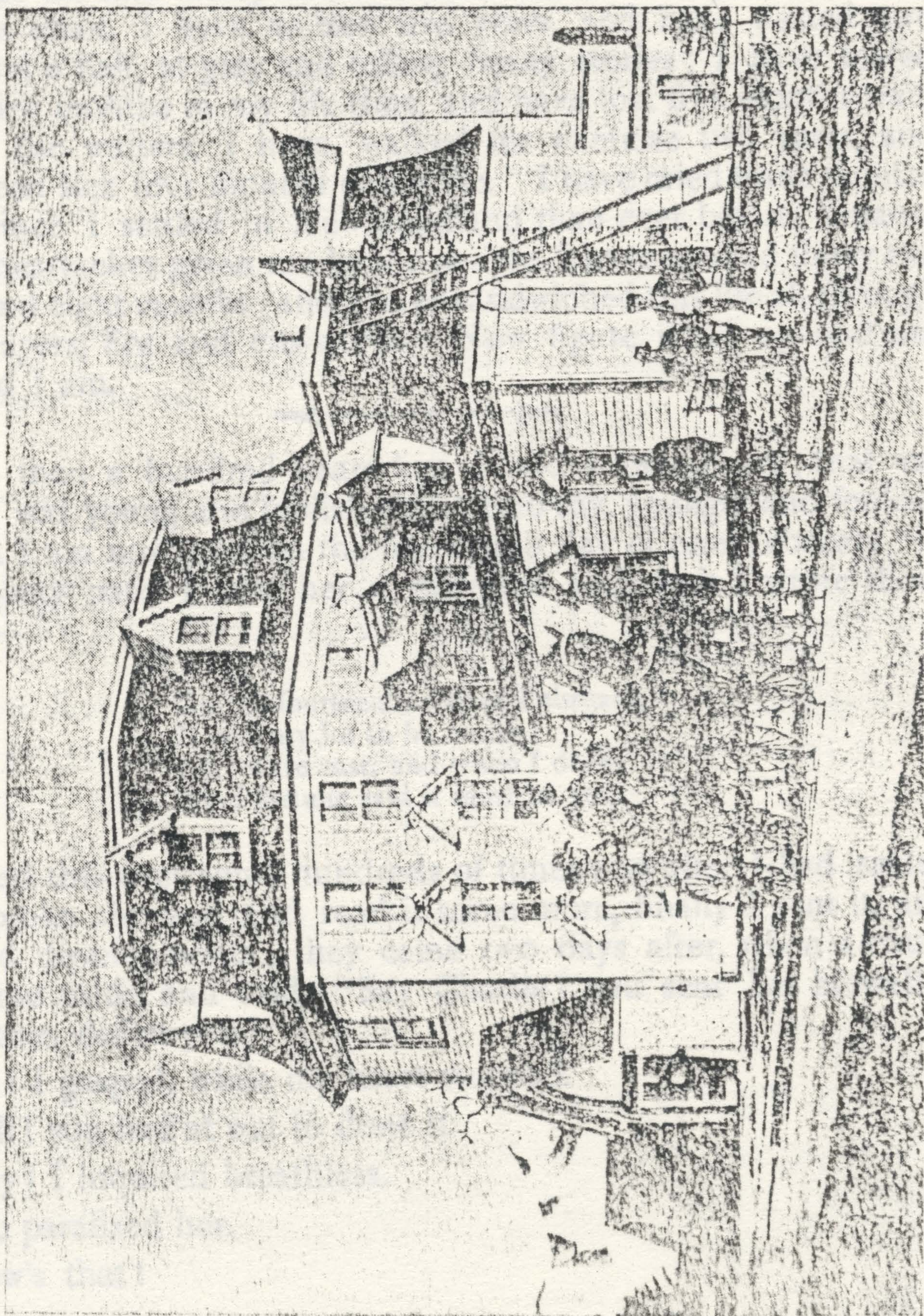
I had four pleasure Boats for the free use of guests on the lake, only one is left, the others having been totally wrecked, the seats pulled out, and the bottoms deliberately pounded out, and the wrecks left far away on the rocky beach of the lake. And the churches are still calling for more money to civilize the Heathen.



Octagon Castle covers three thousand, seven hundred and fifty square feet of ground. It has ten thousand, eight hundred and eighty square feet of inside flooring surface, allowing eighteen square inches to each person, it can shelter six thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six persons at one and the same time.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

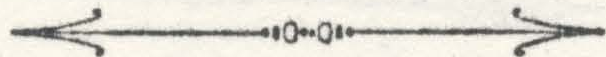
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THE OCTAGON.

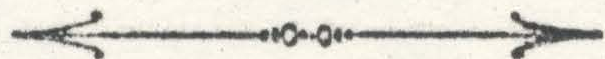
GIVE US WHAT WE ARE USED TO.

I have bought scrub brushes by the dozen, and I have had servants ignore them, and go to the woods and get spruce and var boughs to scrub the floors with.



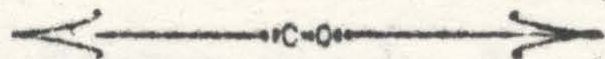
I had a man servant who sent back a Plum Pudding fit for a King, that had been served him, with this message:—"What does I want of dis d——d figgy puddin, Why don't we get Duff sometimes?"

Such cattle would eat, enjoy and digest a bladder of putty, if it had a few currants in it.



I have provided thousands of clean cotton cloths for washing dishes, and nearly every servant I ever had in this country ignore them; refuse positively to use them, throwing them away, and using their fingers to wash even greasy dishes.

I dare not write what one of these know-all-ladies did with eight white cotton cloths, I gave her for this purpose in less than an hour; but ask me sometime and I will whisper it in your ear. And still strong-minded women and long-haired men go thousands of miles across the seas, with thousands of dollars to educate the Heathen.



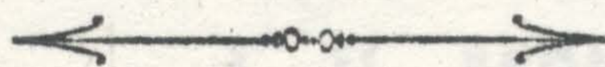
I had a servant two years ago, that would pass over every mat coming in the house, with pounds of mud clinging to her feet; and never wipe them; while on leaving the house she would stop to polish her feet on every mat.

What was the matter with her?

HOW MY LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT.

I have spent one year of my life in dressing and undressing, thirteen months in washing my face and hands, I have consumed

three years in eating, I have passed twenty years in bed, but have not slept all that time, seven months have been passed in the Barber's chair, I have written five years, and have wasted two years and a half, at play and telling funny stories; I have loafed about five months in my life time, and have lost five months waiting for the waiters, I have walked for exercise two years, and have been sick four months of my life. I have cried three months more since I settled in Newfoundland than ever before, because of the heartaches given me by the people, I have worked thirty two years and eight months; and I have sandwiched this life all through with prayers, lies and cus-words. Now figure it all up and see how old I am.



Less than a hundred years ago I had a sweetheart; that was when I was young and foolish—that is to say, younger and foolisher than I am now, and on the fourteenth day of one February, in that musty past, I sent her a valentine and on it I wrote these lines:—

On the fourteenth day of February,
It was my lot to be merry;
Lots were cast, and when I drew,
Kind fortune said it must be you.

I read this over some hundreds of times and after I had sealed it, I broke the seal and read it some more, finally I sent it, and awaited developments; they came two days after, when a chum drew me aside and said, "Say Charlie! you sent Liz Hewell a Valentine, didn't you?"

Yes! I gasped, while my heart stopped.

Well! you had'nt out to done it.

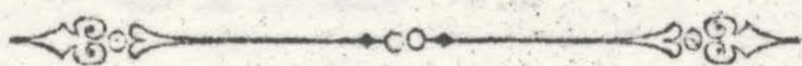
Why! I inquired breathless.

You paralyzed her.

How's that!

"Well, when she read it, she laughed until she had fits, and when she got through with the fits, she read it again ; and laughed again and had more fits, and when the fits left her, she was paralyzed from head to foot on one side ; and the Doctor says it will be months before she gets over it, and her brother Bill says he will knock H——l out of you soon as he catches you."

That was the last sweetheart I ever had and the last poetry I ever wrote.

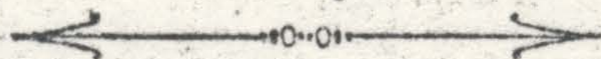


A goat is a butter is'nt he pa ?

Certainly !

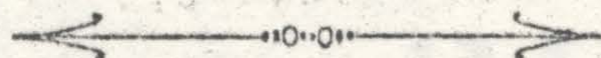
Well then, is goat's milk butter milk ?

Go to bed !

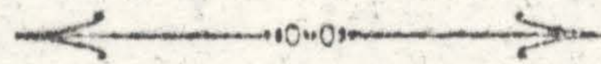


When is a bedstead not a bedstead ?

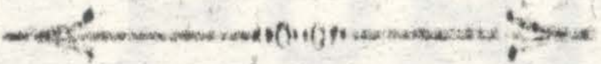
When it is a little buggy.



Temperance Societies, Temperance people and Temperance Advocates, Church Societies, Sunday Schools and all religious organizations, will find the Octagon as free from the sight, sound, taste or smell of spirits, as the W. C. T. U., or the T. A. B. Society when they come as a body for an Excursion, as the Bar-room and Wine-room will be locked and sealed if they will but express the wish.



Eight hundred pounds of home made Jams (Peaches, Pears, Strawberries, Raspberries, Quince, Tomato, Whorts, Plums, Cappalier, etc. etc.) fill the shelves of the Octagon Jam Closet for this summer's use.



When is a cat not a cat ?

When it is a kitten.

NORWICH UNION

FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY,

ESTABLISHED 1797.

Amount Insured	\$1,755,000,000.00
Losses Paid	65,000,000'00
Premium Income	4,500,000.00

Fire Risks taken on all kinds of Property, lowest rates of premiums and liberal settlement of losses.

The business of the above Company has been removed to the office over the jewelry store of T. J. Duley & Co., and immediately opposite the premises of Baine, Johnstone & Co., where the business will be attended to by F. W. KNIGHT, and where all orders for Insurance will be promptly executed.

J. H. MONROE, Agent.

BOWRING BROTHERS,

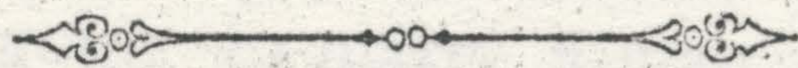
We are first in the Market for Store Goods of all kinds including **FLOUR, PORK, BREAD, PAINTS, OILS, ANCHORS, CABLES, etc.**

We have also a most complete Stock of **DRY GOODS**, every Department of which is replete with a most varied assortment.

In our **HARDWARE DEPARTMENT**, will be found a most complete Stock at low prices.

We also invite your attention to our **GROCERY DEPARTMENT**, which is full of Goods suitable to the requirements of the community.

Not an ounce of "Tub Butter" has ever been served on the Octagon's tables. Finest country Print Butter is *always* the article.

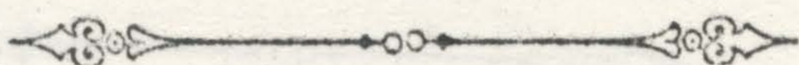


As I declared in my last year's booklet, I aint Irish, never was Irish, and never will be Irish, and that my name is not, never was, and never will be O'Neill, but the claims of the Irish that I was one of them, so riled me, that I have made big efforts to trace my genealogy, and by hard guessing I think I have got hold of some of the threads of my life. I have good reason to believe that I am a direct descendant of plain old Daniel of Biblical fame and when they had multiplied, they pluralised their names to Daniels, for there was a lot of them, and a hard lot too; they were driven out of Jerusalem, they scattered all over Palestine and Galilee, and some of them went to the land of Nodd, but they were never heard of, for no one could ever tell where the land of Nodd was. Some that stayed near home committed high crimes (ten and twenty feet high) and were transported. Those that reached France Frenchified their names by adding another *l* and an *e* to it, these in their turn committed some more crimes, and they too were transported. Some got to be sailors on Lord Baltimore's ship, and when it struck this Island they settled as you all know at Ferryland, and soon becoming convinced that this was not the land of milk and honey, not even wheat and corn; they packed their grips, and hied them off to Maryland, where they founded and built the city of Baltimore; and, as I was born in Baltimore, it is safe to say that I am an offspring of some of that gang that started from the Bible. At all events this is all I can guess about myself, and you can find out as much more as you please; but you will never find out that any of my ancestors took the name of O'Neill even if you go back as far as Darwin did to the monkeys.

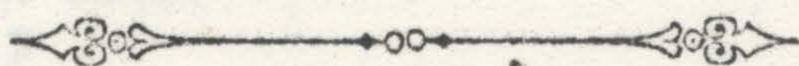
OCTAGON CASTLE.

CABBY.—(When he carted me home from the St. Andrew's Dinner.) "Here you are sir, this is the Hoctagon, get out, be careful, here's the step sir."

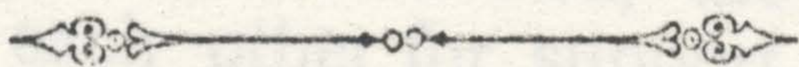
ME.—Tha's awe right, I feel the step, but where's my feet?



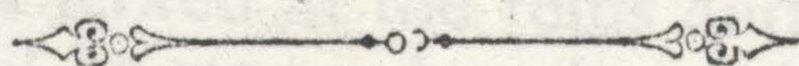
As I said before—a good many gossiping people want to know how I came to Newfoundland. Well, on one hand, I either came in a ship, or I walked. On the other hand its none of their d——d business, but I have no objections to letting a few of you know, if you will only *try* and hold your tongues about it. The facts are these.



There was a Baby Show in the county town of my home, and I was asked to be one of the judges, I refused; but greater pressure being brought to bear, I finally consented; there were one hundred and fifty babies entered. The mother of every one of them being sure of the prize for the handsomest baby, I agreed to be the third or umpire judge, only on conditions, that a fleet-footed horse, saddled and bridled, would be at the door of the Hall where the Show was held at the moment I gave my vote to carry me to the nearest Railway Station eight miles away; where I boarded the first express train, and here I am. Every one of those one hundred and forty-nine mothers that didn't get the prize, are watching every train from that day to this. But, unlike the cat, I'll never go back.



Octagon Castle is an ideal place to spend a week, or a month, or longer in summer, with its beautiful air, wooded scenery, walks, drives and boating, its large rooms, private tables or *Table-d'hote*.



Everything served at the Octagon at city prices. Trained Dining-Room help will insure a perfect service to guests at tables.

FALSE RUMOURS.

It has been toosed from tongue to tongue along the Topsail road for the past eighteen months that the chief cook of the Octagon was going to marry a man in Topsail, and I want to contradict it. I was the chief cook of the Octagon, and I am not going to marry the man in Topsail referred to, he is too fat.

Eight hundred and ninety-eight chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys were served on the tables at the Octagon last season, and the Larder is never without poultry and every available luxury.

I buy the frames and build the meat on them.

Eight thousand and fifty-nine persons visited the Octagon last season, and it will beat that record the present season of 1900.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—“Bridget, I want you to serve the Tomatoes for tea, this evening, undressed.”

An hour later, when the guests were seated, Bridget sailed in the dining-room with the tomatoes, and nothing on but her chemise and stockings.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—“Why, Bridget, what on earth does this mean?”

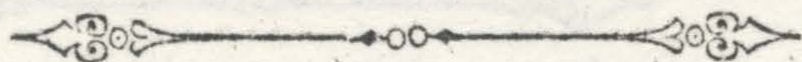
BRIDGET.—“It manes ma-am, that I won't take another stitch off if I looses my place, there now.”

Fresh cool milk is as plentiful at the Octagon as water, but no water in the milk. I havn't drunk three gallons of water in the past thirty years, I was never weaned, I drink milk in hundreds of gallons, is it any wonder then that I have a cheesy mouldy look?

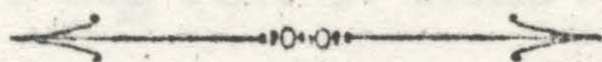
Speaking of milk, who was the first Dairy-maid spoken of in the Bible? Milkhesideck!

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an old maid, an orphan boy and a bald-headed man?

The Prince of Wales is the heir apparent. The old maid has no heir apparent. The orphan boy has nary a parent. And the bald-headed man has no hair apparent.



Superb music will be furnished at the Octagon every excursion day by Professor Krippner and Miss Boggan.

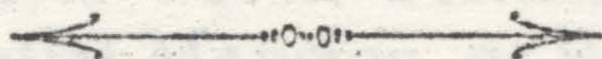


I saw you in church last Sunday Professor, how did you like the discourse?

"One section of it first rate."

What section was that?

"Lastly," and still the money goes to enlighten the Heathen.



Last summer on one of my trips up the shore of Conception Bay with an express in quest of poultry, I drove up to a house where a bevy of damsels stood in a group, and wishing to make an impression, and awe the crowd with my august importance (it was August) I addressed a long red-legged boy, saying:

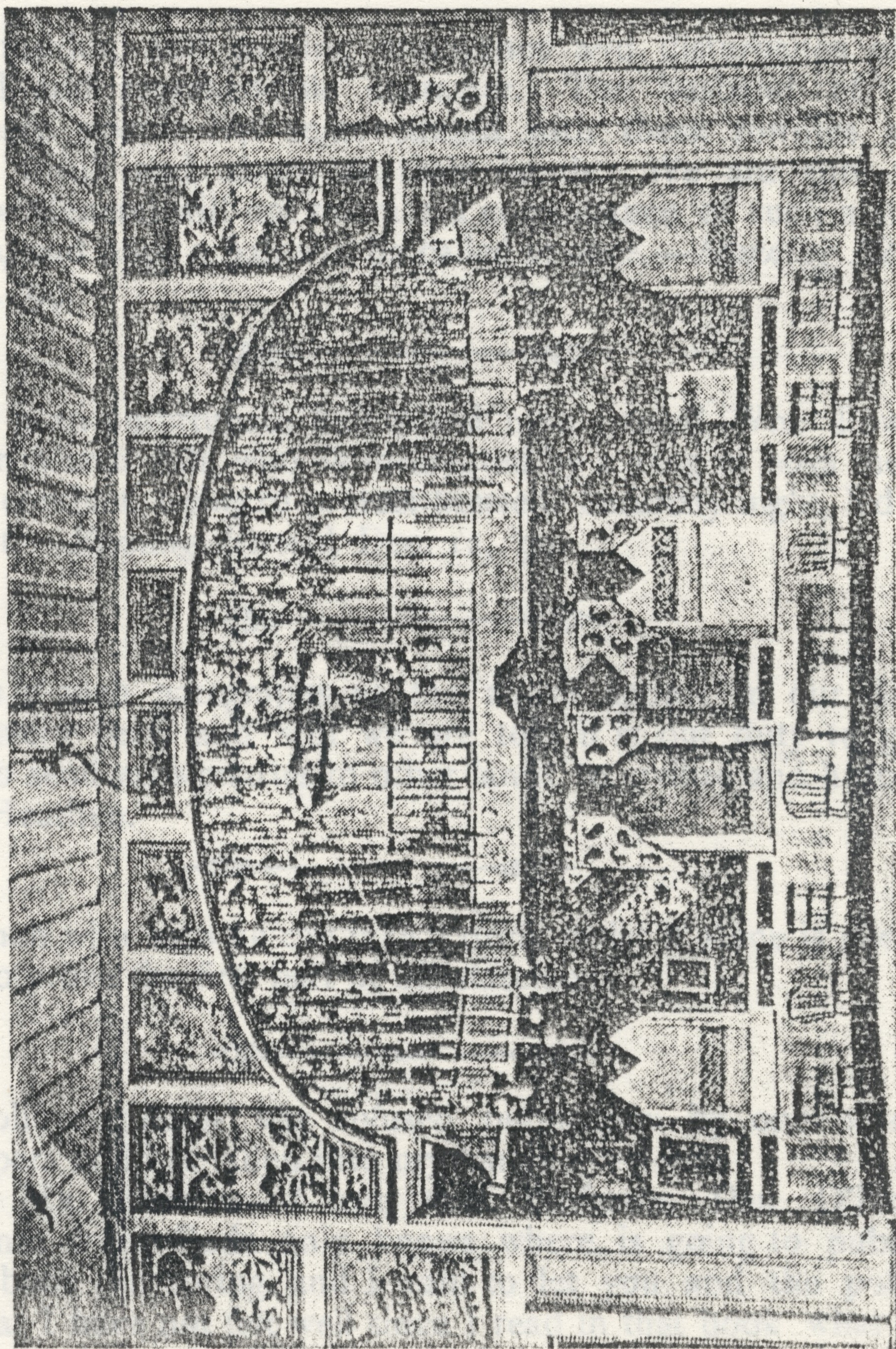
Garcon (that's French for Boy). Garcon! extricate this quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, and donate him a sufficient quantity of nutritious food, and ere the planet sol shall have vanished beneath the Western Horizon, I will generously compensate you for your liberal horspitality.

Well, you should have seen that crowd, the women nearly dropped dead, grabbing each other for support, while the boy thrashed the air with his red legs, as he ran to a side door yelling, "Dah! dah! come quick here's a Hitalyin, what wants to sell a good watch fur tree shillins."

What did I do? Why I jerked at the reins and yelled go on, and the horse went on until he stopped again, and still the money goes to educate the Heathen.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

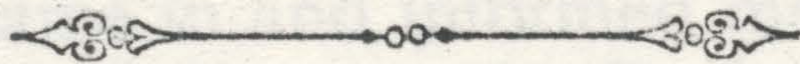
17



BALL-ROOM, OCTAGON CASTLE.

PROFESSOR.—How do you like our Newfoundland climate?

TOURIST.—Which is the Newfoundland climate? You have had a different kind each day since I arrived.



Where did you get all that money Sam?

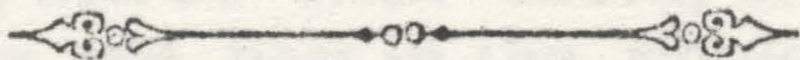
Borrowed it.

Why, who loaned you that big roll of Bills?

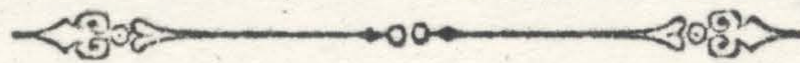
Don't know who he was.

You don't mean to say a stranger loaned it to you?

Yes! but I had to knock him down four times before he let me have it.



It is safe to say that there is not a Private House, Mansion, Club House, Hotel, Presidential Mansion, or Palace in any country or republic that contains such elaborate adornments in the way of bed, window and room draperies, as can be seen at Octagon Castle. Come and see them, and you won't regret it.

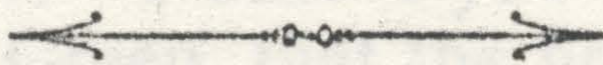


AMERICAN VISITOR.—Professor, just before I left New York on this trip a gentleman came up to me at the Waldorf Astoria and greeted me as President McKinley.

PROFESSOR.—That's nothing, I am often taken for celebrated persons.

AMERICAN VISITOR.—Is that so? now, who have you been taken for?

PROFESSOR.—Well, only the other day, as I was walking up Water Street, a gentleman rushed up to me with both hands extended and exclaimed, Great God is this you?



The attention of the proper authorities is directed to the shameful conduct of a crowd of boys who are in the habit of congregating near a house on Livingstone Street, where an insane

woman resides, and causing annoyance and disturbance of a shameful and reprehensible character. The husband of the unfortunate woman has remonstrated with these rowdies and received insult and abuse at their hands. We are sure the Inspector General will not tolerate a continuance of such a state of affairs, and hope a halt will be called at once.—*Morning News*, Dec. 11, '99.

There is an unfortunate half-witted man named Wm. Power, living on Marsh hill, who is tormented by a gang of boys there, and this conduct, trying to protect himself, Saturday night, led to his arrest.—*Evening Herald*, Dec. 12, '99.

Scores of such paragraphs as the above appear in our daily papers every year, and still we are told it is our duty to give money to send missionaries to other lands to civilize and humanize the Heathen.

The man who says he can take a drink or let it alone is always willing to prove the first part of his statement.

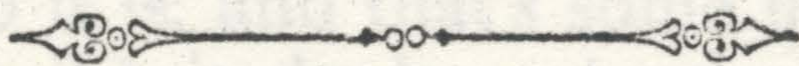
The following letter was refused publication by one of our daily papers and has fallen into my hands :

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hear that Professor Dan O'Neill, that comes from Gods only knows where, is going to publish another book this spring, and I want to let you and the public know that I have not felt well since I read in that book what he had to say about the O'Neills, and I have felt grossly insulted ever since, and I hope those few lines will find you the same.

Yes sir, I am insulted, but I wasn't always so, my dignity has been traisted in the mud like that high Priest's Robe the Professor wore in the Wild West procession. I read his little book last year and laughed and enjoyed it all through, and was as pleased with it as mortal could be, until some time next day when Miss Chiefmaker came in and informed me that I and all the O'Neills had been insulted, because the Professor denied that he was Irish or that his name was O'Neill. Of course Miss Chiefmaker knows, for she gets all the scandal first, and carries it from house to house, and when she told me that I had been insulted, I knew it must be so, and I felt like walking in to the Octagon and giving the Professor a piece of my mind. Now he may be Dutch, French, or a Black for all I care, but how dare he say he aint Irish? Now, there's Irish Linen, Irish Whisky and Irish Bacon, and aint they the best in the whole world? and ought not the best in the world to be good enough for him? Of course I ought never to go to the Octagon again, but what am I to do? It is the best, place to go for a good time, and besides I like to get my moneys worth, and so I keep on going.

Yours truly,

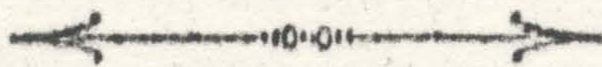
ONE OF THEM.



PROFESSOR TO SERVANT.—What on earth are you so anxious to get married for.

SERVANT.—I want to change me name, Sir.

PROFESSOR.—Well, go down to Dick Roach the Blacksmith, and have him make some alterations in your face, and your name will have a better chance.



JUDGE CONROY.—I believe you said Professor, in answer to a question by Mr. Green, that the first eight years of your life you worked on a farm?

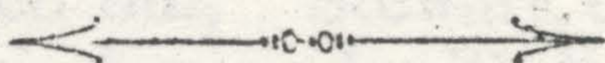
ME.—Yes, your honor.

JUDGE CONROY.—Remember, Professor, you are under oath. Now, tell the court please what you did on the farm the first year?

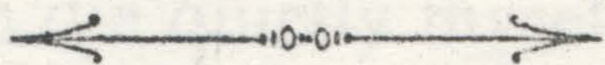
ME.—I milked.

CONSTABLE WHEELER.—Silence in Court!

THE JUDGE.—Ten days.

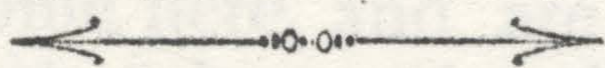


“Well, Professor, how is things going?” “Swiningly at present, thank you, but do you know I am never happy except when I’m in trouble? I’ve had so much of it, that when things begin to go smoothly I find myself fretting and worrying. I’ve had trouble all my life and I simply can’t live without it.”

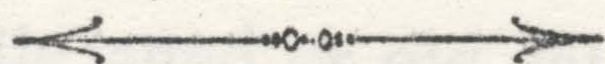


“Billy” Woodford, our member of Parliament for this district, who has a cottage near me, bought a cow. He didn’t need a cow, had about as much need for her as I have for a nursing bottle. But one of his constituents pestered him so, that he bought her in self-defence, and if he had not bought her, his chances of being returned next election would have been slim, but as it is the country is safe. Well, when they got her home, there was no one that could milk her, and hearing that I had milked, they sent over for me. I responded to the flattering call like a good neighbour, and taking a new tin pail I went to the barn and got ready, while the admiring crowd returned to the cottage for a little more “Oh-be-joyful.” Well, as I said before, I got ready, but that was not all I got, for the first pull I gave that cow’s starboard teat, she raised her hind paw and “swatted” me in the bosom, that landed me senseless in a pit of bog in the rear. Not hearing from me or the milk, the enthusiastic crowd came out to investigate. They fished a big lump out of the bog-pit, loaded it into a wheelbarrow and wheeled it down to the pond and dumped it over the wharf, and soured it up and down; very soon it

showed signs of life, it was I in embryo, and after much ducking, I was born again, hatched as it were, from that lump of bog. All that I could utter at first was Oh ! Oh !! and this pond being called O'Neills Pond, that's just how it comes that I am called O'Neill.



I once dropped in a Negro church, where a revival was in progress, the parson in his exhortation called out : " Oh, Lord, come down and curtail the devil," whereupon an excited sister jumped three feet in the air and screamed : " Yes, Lord, come down wid yer big flamin' sword, and cut his tail smack smooove off."



An ex-member of local Parliament came into my Beck's Cove Restaurant one day and ordered a venison steak, and while waiting for it to be served, he cast his Parliamentary eyes up to the ceiling that was so elaborately and expensively adorned and asked :

Professor, what's the meaning of all this refuse ?

Cold chills creaped down my back at this appreciation of all my trouble at beautifying the place, and I replied :

I thought refuse was what you sweep out of your stores and yards.

THE M. P.—So it is, and that's some use, but what's the use of all this fol-de-rol ? it don't make the venison steak taste any better, does it ?

Well, no, I replied, not to a man without a soul, but to him that was raised something like a christian, genteel, pretty surroundings, would make the humblest meal more enjoyable.

THE M. P.—Well, what does it all mean any way ?

It means that I have verified the truth of one passage of scripture.

THE M. P.—What's that ?

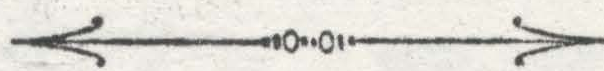
I have " cast pearls before swine." And in the face of this we are asked for money to educate the heathen.

On one of my trips up to Halifax in an Allan liner some years ago, I was quartered in a stateroom next to one occupied by two ladies. They were very sick and so was I. Every few minutes one of them groaned out, "Stewart, oh, Stewart, please come to open this window or I will surely die."

The window was promptly opened, and in a few minutes the other woman wailed out, "Stewart, oh, Mr. Stewart, do please come and close this window or I will die, I know I will."

This was kept up alternately by one and the other of them for half the day, until being unable to bear the strain any longer listening for the wail of one to follow the other, I gasped between my groans, Stewart for God's sake open that window wide until one of them women dies, and then shut it tight until the other one dies, for I want to die quietly myself.

Whether one or both died or not I never learned, but not another sound came from that stateroom for the rest of the trip.



Dick H. once brought a captain to my Restaurant to dinner. After dinner they bought cigars, lighted them and begun filling the place with smoke, whereupon I approached them and said, pointing to a sign, "Don't smoke here, gentlemen, please."

THE CAPTAIN.—You sell cigars, don't you?

ME.—Yes, sir."

THE CAPTAIN.—"Then here is the place to smoke them."

ME.—That doesn't follow, you may go to Ayre's crockery department, and buy a whole lot of a certain kind of crockery, but they won't permit you to use it there.

Dick and the captain left, and I don't believe they ever came back.



The Octagon provides first-class up-to-date music for all Excursions, Picnics, Balls, Outings, Dinners, Dances, &c. held there free of cost to the promoters, thus saving them considerable in the sum total of their expenses.

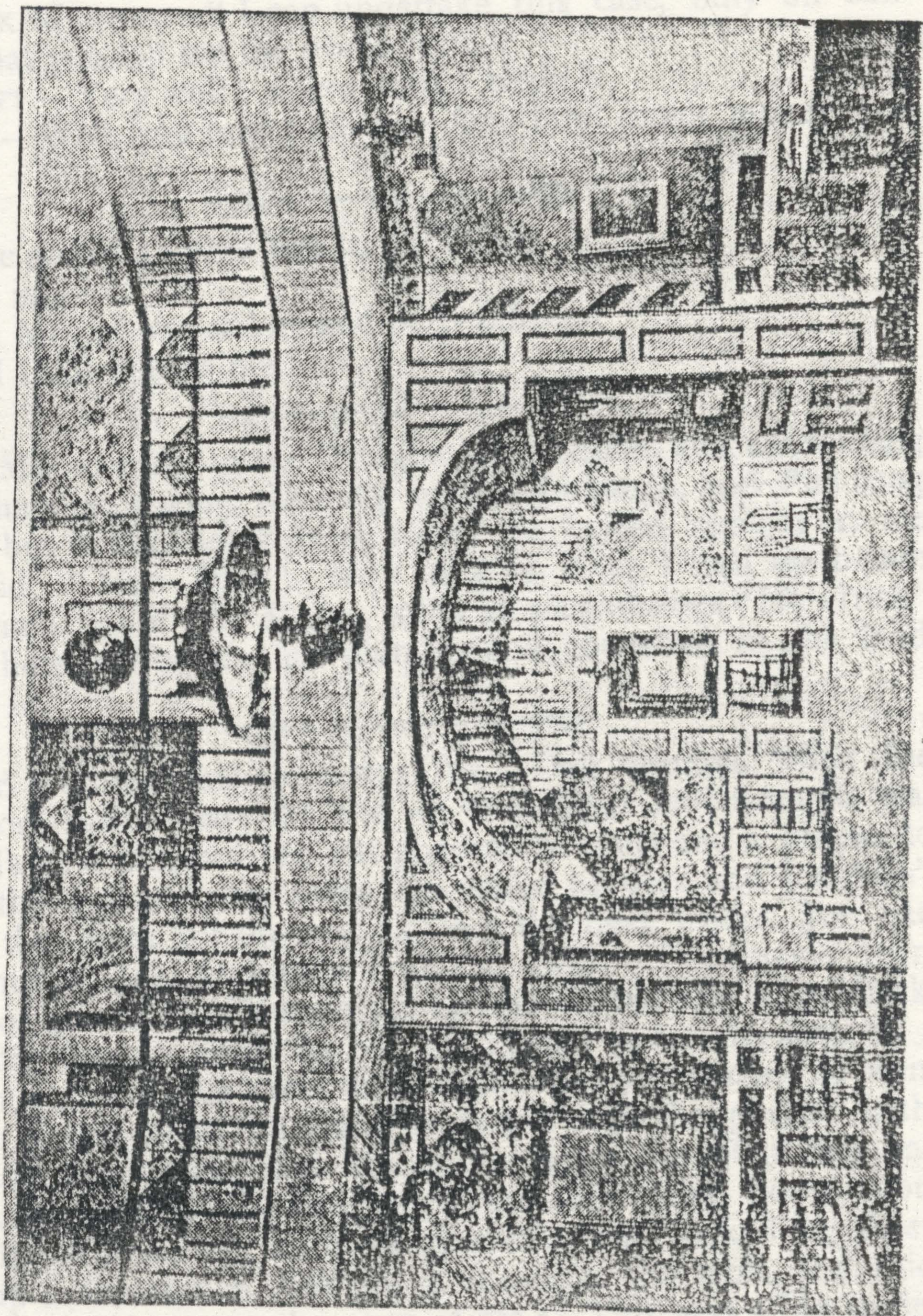
I lay awake nights and nights, trying to create new patterns and designs in the attractions you see at the Octagon, and then I sit days and weeks embroidering unheard of designs, and a servant in passing me at work exclaims, "Oh, what a pretty pattern for a *mat*." A mat is high art with her, and thousands like her, and when people come here, and are shown from floor to floor, and see nothing that is prettier than a whitewashed board fence from their standpoint, I feel that I have lived long enough, and don't care how soon Gabriel blows his horn for me to come up higher.

SPECIAL SPECIAL NOTICE.

If any of the young, middle aged or old, fat or lean bachelor or widdower, saint, heathen, christian, sinner or other Topsail dudes, feel like honestly courting or "keeping company" with any of my female servants, there is no earthly or unearthly objection to their doing so, provided they do it honestly and openly. There is plenty of warmth, light and room in the servants quarters, and there they are welcome to come, and there is the place, and not in the public highways and byeways. I don't want, and won't have men sneaking around like inquisitive dogs, looking for the papers, and I won't have servants that make lying excuses to get out to meet them, and walk miles out the road to meet them, when they know their "mashers" are to return from town, to ride back with them, when it is cold and stormy enough to freeze the proverbial brass monkey. Come when I am home, and not on the one or two nights a month, when I am in town, to feast on my liquors, &c., and bread and famine in the land of the Octagon. I have had five females and one male servant married while in my service, "for better or for *worse*," and if for worse, it was their funeral, not mine. If you are honest, and have honest intentions, come when I am at home, and if you don't, I'll poison the liquors that is accessible, and that will fix you.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

25



READING-ROOM, OCTAGON CASTLE.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

TELEPHONE.

Telephone communication is now complete from St. John's to the Octagon by special wire, enabling visitors to order meals or rooms to be ready at any hour. The Octagon is also connected with the Topsail station, and will be advised by Phone, at just what moment, day or night, the trains will reach Irvine Station, so that guests and excursionists will not need to leave the Octagon until six minutes before the train arrives, thus obviating the delays heretofore experienced at Irvine Station.

THE O'NEILL'S.

There is not an intelligent O'Neill in the country that did not appreciate, laugh at and enjoy, my repudiation of the name as associated with myself in my last Spring's booklet, and laugh heartily every time they meet me to this day, but people who can't lay claim to a drop of Irish blood, as far back as the Monkey followed the O'Neills, about all last summer, trying to persuade them that they had been insulted by me, because I ain't Irish, can't be Irish, and don't want to be Irish, and because I dared say so. There is music in every man's name to his own ears, and O'Neill to an Irishman's ear is a whole brass band. Suicklefritz Oppenheimer, is a not uncommon Dutch name, but is there an Irishman on earth that would not kick as high as a kite can fly if you persisted in calling him Snicklefritz Oppenheimer? and for the same reason O'Neill falls upon the nerves of my ears like the rasping of Joe Tilley's fiddle out of tune.

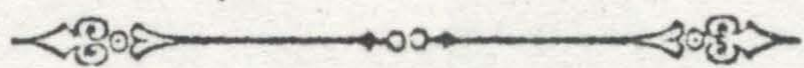


Twenty-one separate Societies, Clubs, Lodges, Sunday Schools, Choirs, &c. have held their Annual Outings at Octagon Castle and grounds, and all have been well pleased and satisfied, while there has been six of the largest Banquet dinners given that have ever been given in the history of the country, with the same unvarying result, which argues that the Octagon is the place to go.

FRANK MORRIS.—“ I can undertake this case, only on condition that you tell me the whole truth.”

CLIENT.—Very well ! where shall I begin ?

F. M.—Well, you might tell me first how much money you have.

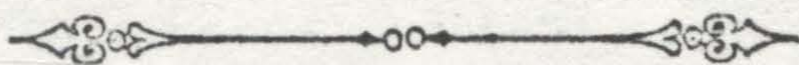


I have added another line to my litany.

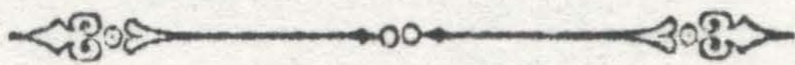
What is it ?

From men of war sailors and petty officers.

Good Lord deliver me.

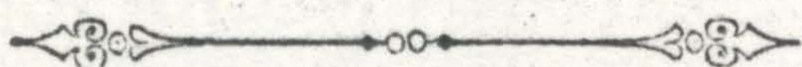


Phil Moore came to the Octagon last summer, and upon being asked, he sung a song, the song was good enough, and Phil sung it well, but at the end of every verse, he looked straight at me and said, “ He’s Irish.” Now this is what I call up-to-date impudence, and if Phil Moore, looks at me and sings “ He’s Irish” again, there will be one less plumber and comedian in the land we live in.

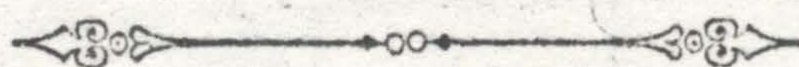


I had a brother, his name was Joe. One evening, when Joe was about twelve years old, and we were about half through tea, the milk gave out, and Joe was given three cents and a pitcher to go to the grocers after some, we waited till dark and Joe didn’t return that night nor the next day, nor the next week. Joe had met another Joe, and they both ran away. Twenty-one years after Joe got tired of journeying, and he walked and sailed back. The day he ran away he hid the pitcher under the steps of a church, and when he came back, twenty-one years after, he went to that church steps, felt under them and drew the pitcher forth, went to a street pump and washed the farm out of it that had accumulated, then went and bought the milk, came home about the same hour he left, while we were all at tea, walked in, threw his cap in the corner, took the same seat at the table, and said, Ma ! may I have another cup of tea ? This was a big burley

sailor, but it was Joe all the same. Joe was smart, in fact all "our family" was smart, that is, all except me. I was the fool of the family (all large families have a fool) and that is why they wanted to make a minister of me, but I wouldn't have it, and this only proved what a fool I was, for if I had let them make a minister of me, I would have had a softer time than I have had.



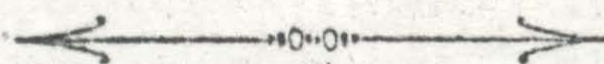
Dogs are not admitted to Railway Coaches, Libraries, Museums, First Class Hotels, Churches, &c., &c., and by the same rule dogs will not be admitted to Octagon Castle. I have had two sixty-five dollar satin draperies ruined by the inquisitiveness of dogs, and that is enough for me to say "No Dogs."



Always buy the best, have the best, do the best you can, and go to the best places there are to go to, no matter if you belong to the upper ten or the lower five.

Suppose the Hon. Mr. Harvey was seen riding up Water Street on a long car, behind a rawboned limping horse with his legs dangling between the bars, would it not detract from his dignity? Why, such an incongruous sight would cause me to turn my face to the wall for very shame.

In inviting friends for a drive or in getting up an outing or picnic, go to the best place, and have the best, it costs little or no more, and gives greater satisfaction, and a better tone and appearance to all concerned, and is more happifying all around, don't quibble for five or ten cents more or less per head, don't attempt to have an up-to-date time in the country where you will be cramped for room, conveniences, privacy and comfort, after you get there. The best is always the cheapest.



The Electric Railway has not been started in to the Octagon yet, but it is sure to reach there by-and-bye.

SPECIAL



We have an acknowledged reputation for the purity of our Drugs and Chemicals. After our experience of over twenty-five years in the Drug-Trade, we were never in a better position than the present to guarantee complete satisfaction to our patrons.

M. CONNORS,
WEST END DRUG STORE.

In this enlightened age no home is complete without its

PIANO or ORGAN.

We keep the largest stock in the city, and can suit you exactly. If you contemplate a purchase, COME AND SEE US. OUR PIANOS AND ORGANS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. We have constant enquiries for second-hand Instruments, and have them nearly always in stock.

PIANOS to HIRE.

PIANOS to RENT.

AYRE & SONS,

231, 233, 235 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S.

H. GEAR.

W. J. BARNES.

GEAR & COMPANY

Hardware, Tinware *and* Stove Dealers,

PLUMBERS AND HOT WATER FITTERS,

349 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

WOOD'S

Candy and Fruit Store,

Is where you can get

THE CHOICEST FRUITS AND THE FINEST CONFECTIONERY

in St. John's,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CITY CLUB BUILDING and

corner WATER and QUEEN STREETS.

On my way home, from the Theatre one night, when I kept the Royal Restaurant on Water Street, I overheard the following dialogue between two gentlemen (?) just ahead of me :

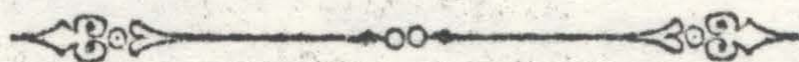
S——. Well, shall we have a feed before we go home ?

R——. Yes ! lets have a beefsteak, where will we go ?

S——. Lets go to Danielle's.

R——. To h—— with Danielle, he is too d—— clean ! lets go to———where we can have some fun with the girls !

Yes, gentlemen, I am a mill sight too clean *for you*. You can't mix up vulgarity with your beefsteak at my tables.



Excuse me gentlemen, but I must emphatically and positively decline your call to "stand," run or walk, as a candidate, at the next election, for a seat in your Local Parliament, I have seen too many poor unfortunates enter the political arena here, only to be torn to pieces by the opposite side. I have a small sample of character left, (a very small sample), and I don't want that trailed in political mire. I don't want it *Heralded, Telegramed* and *Newsed* all over the world, how many people I have murdered, how many wives I have deserted, and just why I came to Newfoundland to live. I have no ambition to be either Honourabled or Knighted. I don't want to fill Octagon Castle and feed every man that is ready to swear he voted for me, and I don't want to be obliged to shake both hands at the same time of every man that approaches me in order to feel sure that my watch and purse are safe. I want to be let alone with all my sins and to remain plain every day Charles Henry Danielle.

THE OCTAGON

Can seat at tables at one and the same time, more persons comfortably than any other resort or public hall in the country, it has also more space for dancing, than any hall in the country ; it has ample grounds for all kinds of sports and games.

OCTAGON CASTLE.

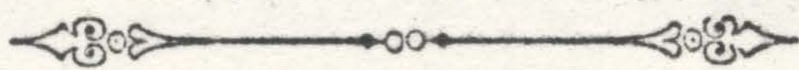
Don't let a cold east wind, rain or fog keep you from coming in the country, it is bright and warm nineteen out of every twenty such days, when you have reached the ridge on which the Octagon stands.

AT NIGHT THE OCTAGON IS AS LIGHT AS DAY.

In the kitchen, in the dining room, and in the bar, are located refrigerators that hold over two tons of ice, where all foods and drinks are kept ice cold. There is also a cold storage plant, where poultry and meats are kept frozen the year round.

NEW ADORNMENTS.

Amongst the new adornments added to the attractions at Octagon Castle the past winter are eighteen elaborate satin banners, each one representing one of the societies or lodges that have held their outings there—all being thus commemorated. These banners are most elaborate in design and workmanship, no two being alike. I have adopted this method of perpetually commemorating every large excursion, outing, dinner party, wedding banquet, &c., that have been my patrons, and who but Professor Danielle would go to such expense and labour? Echo answers no one. They must be seen to be appreciated.



The annual public opening of the Octagon for the season of 1900 will be on the first public holiday which will be a Banquet Day. But the Octagon is always open to guests and sightseers.

ABOUT DOGS.

Dogs are queer people, like some of the rest of us. Thousands of years ago when there was not a human being on this sphere but dogs, they and other animals held full sway. Dogs especially became a mighty power and almost took charge, and it became necessary to call a dog convention to draft and enact

laws to govern the dog family. Hundreds of thousands attended, maybe more, I was there but left early. There was a lot of loud talk, barking and growling, as there is to this day in all public meetings, before the convention decided upon a code of laws, and when the question was about settled, one old dog proposed a lot of amendments, he was ordered to "down charge," like thousands of dogs are to-day, but like half the dogs of to-day, he wouldn't "down charge" worth a cent, and the result was that the convention broke up in a row, such as has not been known since. For hours nothing but howls and legs and tails filled the air, until the ground for miles around lay ten feet deep with dead dogs, and when peace was restored, the resolutions that had been drafted and passed could not be found. The dog that drew them up was amongst the dead, and as it was believed that during the war some dog had hid the papers. Every dog left alive and his progeny aftertimes was appointed a committee to scour the earth in search of the missing papers, and to this day every dog religiously keeps up his untiring search, and that is why he is seen smelling around *everywhere* and always. Every dog is suspected of having them, and when they meet, each one knows he is suspected, and as you will observe, resents this suspicion, and a fight follows. Now, any time you see two dogs approach each other in a shamefaced-hang dog-way, you just call out loud enough for them to hear you, he hasn't got them, you will see how each will slink off in opposite directions. This searching for the papers has become an unbearable nuisance, they were commanded to "search everywhere," and they do, you can't set a barrel of fruit or a box or basket of vegetables or anything else in front of a shop door to invite attention, but the dog is the first to give it his attention, and every one that comes along goes up to investigate, and when he has smelt around and becomes satisfied, the papers are not there! well, he trots off to the next basket of celery or cabbage, and every dog that comes along does the same thing.

Well, this never ending inquisitiveness of dogs, has so riled me that it has been one of the aims of my life to invent or compound something that would be a deadly opponent to a dog's breath, and I have succeeded at last, I have invented a chemical compound that is a terrible opponent to a dog's breath. Michael Connors, the druggist, has the sole contract for its manufacture, it is expensive (five dollars an ounce) but dirt cheap in the end. All the Hon. James Baird or Hon. Geo. Knowling will need to do when they display some of their lovely home raised vegetables at their door, will be to sprinkle a little of this anti-inquisitive-dog-powder near by, and the first Mr. Dog that comes along and smells those dainties, his breath being an opponent to the powder there will be a Lydite like explosion, and no atom of the dog will ever be seen or heard from, the dog will have smelt his last smell, it will utterly demolish those two fine buildings and kill and blow into higher spheres all the masters and servants, all the "Jews and Gentiles," all the saints and sinners for half a mile around. There will be no more Court House Hill, on which to build the long promised new Court House, it will cross the street at Knowlings and blow up the Gazette building, and break the Reid contract, (this is the only thing that will ever break it), but no matter it will kill the dog, and that's the inquisitive I am after.

TWENTY DOLLARS A MONTH FOR A COOK.

I want a Cook, not a woman to put meats in the oven without seasoning or basting, and cram the ranges with wood or coal until they are red hot and ready to burst, from indigestion, not one that will lie, lie and lie, when asked, did you season so-and-so? I have *suffered* from dishes coming to table tasteless for want of horse sense seasoning, until I am a fit subject for a padded cell. I want a cook that can (and will) do as better judgment directs, one that can boil water without burning it, one that will do some things the same (every day) without being told

JAMES G. BAIRD,

GROCCER AND WINE MERCHANT,
WATER STREET.

*If you drink ALE drink the best.
As an ideal Tonic, and an invigorator.
"McEWAN'S" commands a preference
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Immediate attention and thorough satisfaction given to all orders, by
the Proprietor and his staff of assistants.

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Has just received and is now showing the Largest and Best Selection of

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in the city and the best fits at lowest prices.

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Hatton and Harvey's History of Newfoundland, \$2.50.

Harvey's Newfoundland in 1894, 90 cents.

" " " 1897, \$1.00.

Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland, by S. T. Davis, 60 cents.

Geological Survey Pamphlet, 6 Nos. 15, 20 and 25 cents each.

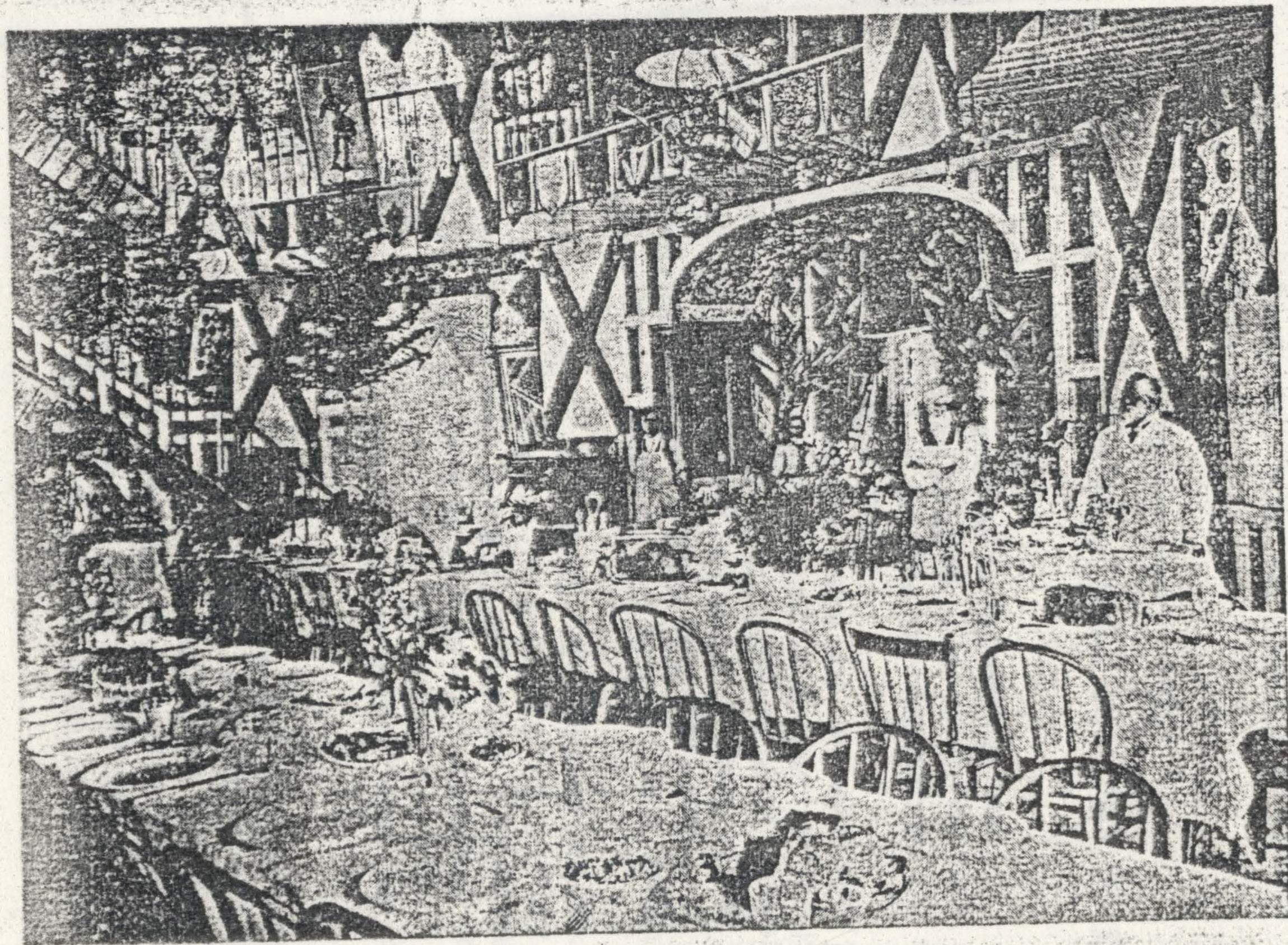
The Minerals of Newfoundland with 4 maps, 35 cents.

Labrador, by A. P. Lau, with Maps and Illustrations, 60 cents.

S. E. GARLAND,

The Leading Bookseller and Stationer,

177 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, N.I.



THE BANQUET HALL, OCTAGON CASTLE.

every day, one that will be honest enough to wash knives and silverware without submerging them in hot water and swirling them around, until they are ruined. One that knows the first thing on earth about economy, one that can make tarts and not quoits, puddings and not bladders of putty. One that won't give me two liver complaints instead of the one I have. I asked the doctors what brings on liver complaint, for I did not know where I picked mine up, and they answer one and all, worry and fret, then it was that I knew I got mine in my kitchen, and if I had ten lives they would all have just cause for complaint. I have fairly lived (and almost died) in my kitchens, since I have been in the catering line. I have talked, shown, and explained enough to have turned out an army of good cooks, but I have not made one, for the reason that they WILL NOT learn. If there is a cook in the country in the meaning of the term, I will give twenty dollars a month for their services, and if not I will give 75 dollars a month for one, or if need be, the whole income of the Octagon, if it will keep me out of the kitchen, for I want to live long enough to see the Electric Railway in this way.

With not a cook in a thousand able to season dishes properly in Newfoundland, they are sending missionaries into darkest Africa with onions, savory, pepper and salt, to teach the cannibals how to make a better stew when they catch a fresh fat missionary, and so the world moves on.

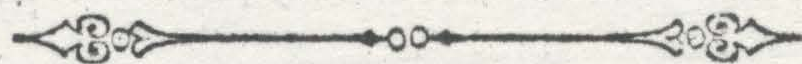
Since writing the above I have engaged the services of a professional Chef from Boston, at a salary of \$75 per month, and patrons of the Octagon may enjoy a variety of dishes, prepared in a manner never before offered to guests at a Hotel or Resort in this country.

Professional cooks (usually called Chefs) command salaries varying from sixty to two hundred dollars per month, while there are those who receives eight or ten thousand dollars a year, and it is doubtful if two young men could be found in St. John's willing to learn to be a cook; they are so high-toned that they would rather work on the docks or at pick and shovel.

AT THE CROSBIE.

Good day, Professor! you are looking fine, what do you live on at the Octagon?

My income.



Some people want to know "aint one man as good as another."

NO! Not by a mill sight.

A lazy man is *not* as good as an industrious man.

An ignorant man is *not* as good as an intelligent man.

A quarrelsome, insolent, trouble brewing man is *not* as good as a suave, even tempered man.

A man whose ill-behaviour mars the pleasure and peace of every place he goes *is not* as good as the man whose good behaviour and courtesies adds to the pleasure of all present.

A rotten, split board *is not* as good as a clear, sound board.

A dull implement *is not* as good as a sharp one.

A lame, diseased horse *is not* as good as a healthy, sound horse.

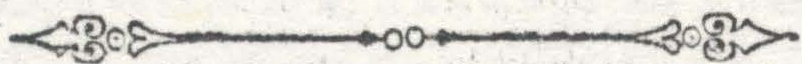
I am not as good as Mr. Reid, Mr. Harvey or Mr. Morine. I have neither the brains nor the money to do as they can do. We are all formed alike that's all, and some of us are such a bad lot that we ain't as good as anybody. "And here endeth the first lesson."

This same class of people want to know "aint my money as good as anybody else's."

NO! Not by two mill sights.

If a man gets drunk and disorderly, and swaggers and swears, and spits *everywhere*, and puts on more cheek and impudence than if he owned more of the earth than the Reid's do, and spends ten cents or ten dollars, and disgusts every one present, and mars the reputation of a house and drives genteel people away, his fifty dollars *is not* as good as another man's one

dollar, whose bearing and behaviour will draw patronage, while the former will drive it away. Therefore, one man's money is not always as good as anothers. "And here endeth the second lesson."



The Messrs. Reid started a far inland metropolis last year, by planting a new Adam and Eve, on the line of railway in the interior, and just before the trains moved off and left them in this new and very primitive garden of Eden, Mr. Harry Reid quoted some scripture to them, commanding them to "multiply and people the earth," there wasn't much earth around but plenty of bog and rocks, which means the same thing in this country. The man's name was Adam, good man, and his wifes name was Eve, Man although she was a woman, there wasn't any apples for Mr. Reid to forbid their eating, but bake apples, and he knew they would scoup these all in, so he did not forbid anything, they were not considered worth protecting, and they went on sinning without let or hindrance, they built a hut, something inferior to the heathens, we are all the time sending long-haired missionaries to convert. Not long ago when the snow was about gone, the first crop of kids was harvested, the couple obeyed the scriptural command of Mr. Reid to the letter, for there were four of them. The man (that is the Mr. Man) is 59 years old, and his wife Eve, thirty. This woman (that is to say the woman man) is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances, and Dr. Patterson has strong hopes of being able to pull the old man through.

AT THE CROSBIE.

GUEST.—Well, Professor, I saw you at the Rink last night looking at the hockey match. What did you think of it? What did it look like to you?

PROFESSOR.—It looked to me like fourteen big lunatics trying to kill one poor little mouse.

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Tea Merchants by special appointment to

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Finest the World can produce 56 cents per lb. No higher price.

Rich Pure and Fragrant, 32, and 40 cents per lb.

LIPTON'S TEAS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

HENRY BLAIR,

Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

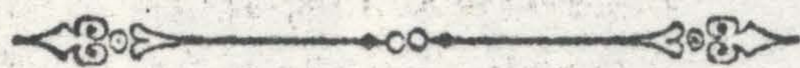
Goodfellow's Block, - - - St. John's, N.F.

What do you consider your first duty to your neighbour, Professor?

To watch him.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD

Will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of the thieving vandals, who persistently cut trees and dunnage on land near to and surrounding Octagon Castle. I bought this land and built these grand buildings because of the rural woodland surroundings. I have never cut, nor had cut a tree, nor a picket on my land. I go sixty-five miles away, buy and railroad home every stick of wood the Octagon uses, and I will not permit trespassers from up or down the Topsail road to come to my very door and cut my trees while having plenty on their own land at home, without prosecuting to the fullest limit of the law for trespass and damage.



Does the Candy man ever visit you Professor?

PROFESSOR.—Yes, sometimes, but I don't like to see him come.

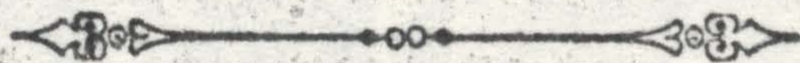
Why, how's that?

PROFESSOR.—Well, he sits so awful long at the table.

Is that so? How long does he sit?

PROFESSOR.—Well, he sits almost seven feet.

Oh!



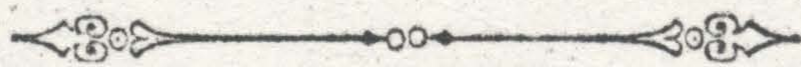
So the poor man is dead is he?

Yes, he died last night, he had Dr. Tait, Dr. Harvey, Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Rendell, Dr. Stabb, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Sh——.

Stop, stop, that's enough, any one of them would have been enough.

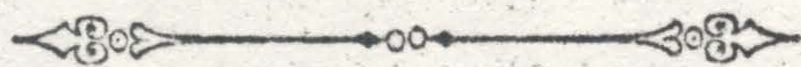
OCTAGON CASTLE.

A man in Topsail told another man there that I told him that I was married. That man lied like a custom tailor. I never was married, and never will be if it takes me all my life.

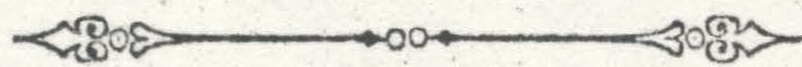


There have been 39 rainy and foul Sundays during the past year, out of fifty-two, while all last summer there was but three really fine Thursdays.

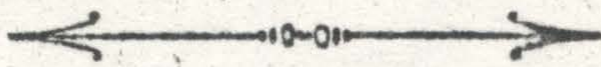
What's the matter with the clerk of the weather, on these days?



These Booklets are for free distribution only, and any of the distributors proven guilty of selling them, or any one found guilty of buying them will get fifteen days with hard labor; so says Judge Conroy.

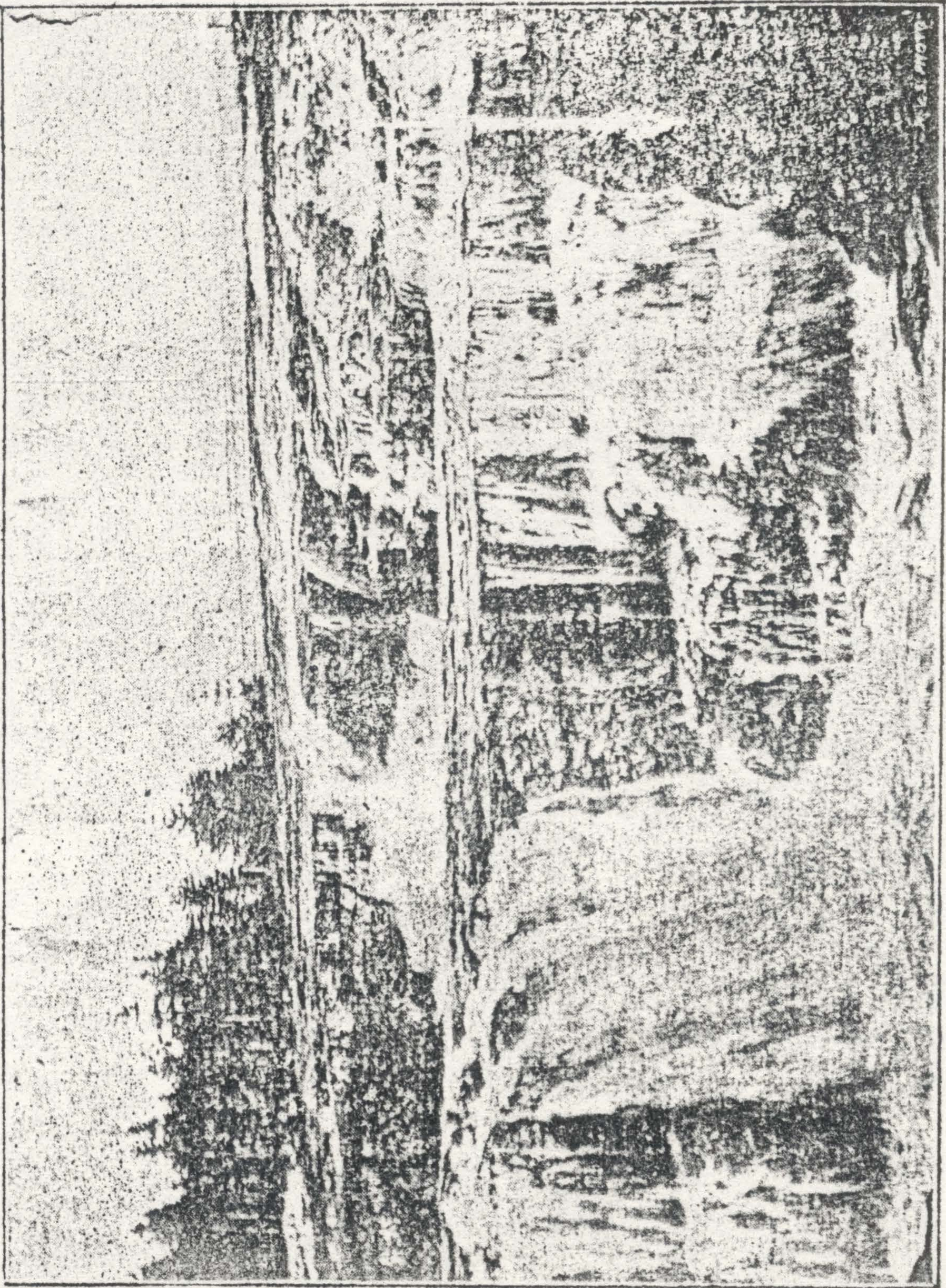


Come to the Octagon one and all,
Fat, short, lean and tall,
Come hungry and thirsty,
Come when you will,
Sit at the tables,
And enjoy your fill.



If you see anything you don't want when you come to the Octagon, ask for it and it will be given you by

C. H. DANIELLE.



MANUEL'S FALLS, NEAR OCTAGON CASTLE.

